

SUNSHINE.

I know the whole crowd of young fellows,
Who travel the road through our town,
And some are all laughing and smiling,
While others are robed in a frown—
But the one that does business, I notice,
Is the man who pours out with each measure
A "bonus" of bubbling sunshine.

I'm not much for reading nor learning,
Nor cov'ring wisdom from books;
I ain't stuck on new fads nor fashions,
Nor wearin' tight shoes for their looks;
Just jamm'n your house full of money
My way is the one a good sign,
But I'll never in the old-fashioned doctrine
Of fill'n your heart with sunshine.

The world has gone mad over gainin'—
The pro-se's are carpin' at trusts—
The rich ain't content with the centre—
They grab and fight for the crust—
The palace is dark, damp and dingy,
Where shadows and ghosts are inwined;
While the cot of the poor, humble peasant
Is bright with the rays of sunshine.

Would I better the light for the darkness?
Would I give up my life for your gold?
Would I sacrifice precept and manhood
At the altar where honors are sold?
No, still let me live free and simple,
And practice His teaching divine;
To fill one's heart, dark with sorrow,
With the blessings and light of sunshine.
—Kenneth Bruce, in Four-Track News.

"He is a wonderful man," remarked a countess. "It is really the case that he has given forty thousand pounds to the children's hospital in White-chapel!"

"He handed the money to us yesterday," said an old man, with kindly twinkling eyes. "And it was only a first installment, he assured me. But he has made so many magnificent gifts recently that one fears he must soon exhaust himself. Truly it was Providence that allowed John Breen to become a rich man."

"He ought to be Sir John at least," said a pretty woman, "though I fancy he would scorn a title."

Meantime Mr. Breen was in his bedroom, searching for the slips of paper on which he had set down the details of his scheme.

He could not remember where he had put them. Drawer after drawer he tried without success. As he drew open the last drawer a vivid flash of lightning lit up the chamber—he had not thought it necessary to switch on the electric light, as he had sufficient light with the open door—and almost immediately a terrific peal crashed overhead.

John Breen's fingers closed on something in the drawer, and presently a look of amazement overspread his countenance.

The philanthropist waited in vain for his reappearance.

THE MISER

By PROFESSOR J. J. BELL,
Author of "Wee Macgregor."

HE door of the doctor's house was closed almost noiselessly, and John Breen went slowly down the short flight of steps, his grayish countenance working with fury.

"A guinea for prescribing more rest and nourishment, plus a bottle of druggist's flim!" he muttered. "What on earth possessed me to consult him?"

Reaching the pavement he began to walk swiftly, but a throbbing behind the old scar on his temple compelled him to slacken his pace.

"I suppose it was that that made me take fright," he said to himself. "I'm never used to have headaches. If I'm not better by to-morrow I'll take his prescription to the chemist, though I believe it's all nonsense."

"I wish the kettle would boil," he sighed, lying back wearily. "A cup of tea will make me right."

But when the kettle boiled at last he paid no attention. The throbbing, which for some minutes had been almost unbearable, had abruptly ceased, and a sense of peace had descended upon John Breen.

His eyes closed, he lay unconscious, his hard features wonderfully softened. Strangely enough he dressed well, and as he lay there in the poor light of the candle and the increasing glow of the fire, which failed to make clear the poverty and wretchedness of his surroundings, he might have been taken for a well-to-do and rather handsome elderly gentleman enjoying a nap.

The kettle was dry and ruined, the fire was almost out, and the candle was within an inch of its socket, when John Breen came back to life again. He sat up feebly and looked curiously about him.

"He felt no pain, but he was greatly puzzled. An expression of disgust dawned upon his face when his eyes caught sight of the bread and cheese, but being desperately hungry he cut a piece of the former and ate a portion. He was chilly, too, and felt a craving for hot food.

Then he beheld his wealth. He began to tremble violently, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

Awe-stricken, he whispered to himself: "And I might have died to-night. I might have died and no one, not even myself, have been the better for my having lived."

He took the notes, the bags of gold and the documents from the safe, laid them in a heap at his feet, and began to reckon his future. It was easily done, for each bag was stamped with "£500," while each bundle of securities had a slip of paper attached bearing its approximate value. Besides, he found no difficulty in counting now.

The grand total came to a few hundred, and odd over eighty thousand pounds.

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He spent the forenoon in studying the newspapers, and in the afternoon he paid a visit to the poorest quarters of the East End, returning, with a white and troubled face, to play with his dinner and to spend the evening locked in his room.

A few days later people began to call upon him—prosperous-looking gentlemen and fine ladies—and earnest conversations took place in the elegant sitting room he had engaged in addition to his bedroom. Other men and women, pinched and sad, began to watch for his coming to their miserable dwellings.

And nearly three months went past.

One evening toward the end of May Mr. Breen gave a little dinner party in his private sitting room. Ten ladies and gentlemen, all keenly interested in philanthropic work, were present, and even those of them who were high in the land treated their gentle faces with unfeigned respect and seemed to regard him with sincere affection as well as admiration. Although the weather had unexpectedly become oppressively hot the spirits of the guests did not suffer depression. Only the host appeared somewhat wearied when, the dinner itself being over, the time came for him to explain a new scheme of charity which he had lately been deeply considering, and which all present were eager to hear about.

"I must ask you to pardon my leaving you for a moment, my friends," he said, suddenly. "I find I have left my notes on the scheme in my room."

With a word of thanks for the permission readily granted, and a pleasant smile to all, Mr. Breen left the room.

The surgeon who examined him afterward directed a colleague's attention to a scar on his right temple.

"Yes," said the colleague, "it might have something to do with the case, though he must have got the smash a long time ago."

He referred, of course, to the case of suicide.

But which was the real John Breen—the miser or the philanthropist?—Black and White.

The largest plant in the world is probably a species of seaweed, which often attains a length of 300 feet. The stems are dried and used as ropes by the South Sea Islanders.

The exhilaration from the ozone is misleading it appears, and the gas is now classed with those that are poisonous and is to be used with due caution, the depressing effects on the nervous system are especially felt by workers with electric machines.

Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Esquimaux, who breathed the pure air of the Arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust; the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke.

Large masses of amber have recently been discovered in cretaceous strata on Staten Island, now the borough of Richmond of the city of New York. The deposits are being commercially worked. It is thought that some of this amber may be the product of sequoia trees that grew on the Atlantic coast in cretaceous time.

An Italian scientist has invented a novel substitute for irrigation. He uses the fruit of the Barbary nopal, a fig tree which bears figs that are excellent reservoirs of moisture. In the spring the scientist digs a ditch about the foot of the tree he desires to protect from the coming drought and this ditch is filled with figs cut into thick pieces. A dense layer is made and beaten down. The mucilaginous pulp, covered with earth, stores up much moisture, which it gives off gradually.

In drowning accidents where expert swimmers suddenly lose all control of their powers, the usual explanation of cramps is beginning to be looked upon as insufficient. It has been noticed that persons having disease of the middle ear, who have already shown symptoms of vertigo, are especially liable to such accidents, and as the semi-circular canals are the organs of direction, it is suggested that even a slight hemorrhage in this delicate structure from a blow by the waves would result in utter helplessness.

Profit-Sharing Farming.

The system of sharing farm profits was initiated by Mr. E. W. Hussey, a large estate owner of Scotney Castle. Every year the hands are called together and each receives a share of the profits made on the year's working of the farms. On the last occasion of the profit-sharing each man received \$13.13, while a youth's share amounted to \$8.75. In cases where several members of a family are engaged on a farm sums approaching \$48.00 have been taken home.

All the employees on Mr. Hussey's Lamberhurst estate now take such a keen interest in their work that they exhibit no inclination whatever to migrate to the towns.—London Daily Mail.

The Shah's Dwarf.

An Ostend correspondent says a good deal of interest is being excited there in a member of the Shah's suite, a dwarf, who always accompanies the Shah when he drives out. It is stated that the Persian sovereign believes the little man to be "lucky," and for this reason has him perpetually in his suite.

The most costly tomb in existence is that erected in honor of Mohammed.

SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRIAL

On entering the hall, which echoed his steps, he looked and bolted the door with exceeding care, and made his way to the parlor situated on the same floor. It was necessary to unlock the parlor door, and having done so he entered and locked it again behind him. The inside of the door was covered with sheet iron and fitted with heavy bolts fitting into sockets at top and bottom.

The fire, under a layer of dross, glowed faintly, and was slow to ignite the spill of paper that he presented between the bars. When he did procure a light he applied it to a candle on the mantelpiece, and in its glimmer he beheld his face in the dirty mirror.

"Yes," he muttered, "if I'm not better by to-morrow I'll go to the chemist. I can't afford to be ill. I'm glad I didn't go to a doctor close at hand. He might have found out who I was and insisted on attending me. How my head does ache!"

He sat down in the worn out easy chair and inserted a few slips of wood between the bars of the grate. Small flames pierced the blanket of dross, and presently he set a little kettle on the hottest part.

"A cup of tea will pull me together," he rose and crossed the room to a bookcase void of books. From a lower shelf he took a loaf of bread and a cut of cheese, also a plate and knife, and carried them to the table close to the side of the easy chair.

Then suddenly he began to smile and rub his hands softly. The window shutters, iron bound like the door, were closed and bolted, but he went over and examined them and drew the faded curtains together. After that he peered into all the corners and under the sofa, smiling and fidgeting something in his hip pocket. John Breen was not a timid man; he was merely careful.

When he was quite satisfied that he was alone he went back to his easy chair, and, stretching out his right hand, opened the paneling at the side of the fireplace, disclosing the door of a small but apparently deep and supremely strong safe. Inserting a couple of keys, he manipulated them until the locks yielded and the stout door swung open. The safe was packed with little bags of gold, parcels of notes and bundles of negotiable securities. The latter papers represented John Breen's capital—his father's legacy to him—the notes and gold the interest, less his trifling expenses, of nearly thirty years. The investments were as safe as the nation's credit, and the owner had never sought to alter them or others bringing a larger return. The stream of gold from them may not have satisfied him with its bulk, but at least it was steady, and he loved to mark on a calendar the days on which he would present his coupons with the certainty of receiving the value printed thereon.

This very day he had collected the interest represented by certain coupons, and now he brought from his breast a dark soft leather bag and poured the tinkling contents on the table—one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

He began to count the sovereigns, but somehow when he came to twenty-seven he could not proceed.

He tried again with the same result. His head ached more than ever, but he made another attempt—and failed.

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MORE LIVES LOST

Another Fatal Railway Wreck
Leaves Death in its Wake

15 DIE IN CRASH OR BY FIRE

Massachusetts' Worst Train Disaster
In Many Years Occurs When Sunday Night Express From Boston on Boston & Maine Crashes Into Rear of a Local.

Lincoln, Mass., Special.—The most disastrous railroad wreck in this State for many years occurred at 8:15 o'clock Sunday night at Kaker's Bridge station, a mile and a half west of Lincoln, on the main line of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The regular Sunday express, which left Boston at 7:45 o'clock for Montreal via the Rutland system, crashed into the rear of a local train which started from Boston at 7:15 for points on the main line and the Marlboro branch.

At least 15 persons were killed outright, burned to death or suffocated, and 30 or more were seriously injured. Many passengers sustained minor cuts, bruises and burns.

The wreck was primarily due to thick weather, which apparently obscured signals set by the forward train, which, at the time of the disaster, was standing in front of Baker's Bridge station. The Montreal train, drawn by two locomotives and consisting also of nine cars crashed into the rear of the Marlboro branch local, demolishing the two rear cars.

All of the passengers killed and seriously injured were in these. The passengers lived in Concord, West Acton, Maynard, Hudson, Marlboro and several smaller towns in the Asabet Valley. None of the passengers on the Montreal train were seriously hurt but the engineer and fireman of the leading locomotive were killed.

The wreckage caught fire and some of the passengers were incinerated. Few persons live in the vicinity of Baker's Bridge station and no fire department was available, so that the flames practically burned themselves out. Uninjured passengers and an number of train hands, assisted by villagers, went to the aid of the injured and many persons were rescued.

A special train with doctors was sent from Boston at 9:35 o'clock, and reached here in half an hour. Many doctors from Waltham and other places in this section were sent to the scene in carriage and by other trains.

Bank Clearings for the Week.

New York, Special.—The following table, compiled by Bradstreet, shows the bank clearings at a number of the principal cities for the week ended Nov. 24, with the percentage of increase and decrease as compared with the corresponding week last year. Seventy-two other cities are included in the totals:

New York \$2,024,787,173, increase 15.9; Chicago \$218,715,490, increase 33.3; Boston \$153,966,899, increase 21.0; Philadelphia \$150,680,060, increase 36.7; New Orleans \$26,840,940, increase 37.7; Louisville \$125,595,206, increase 31.6; Memphis \$7,838,792, increase 25.5; Richmond \$5,412,955, decrease 5.7; Atlanta \$4,657,161, increase 36.9; Nashville \$3,681,370, increase 38.3; Norfolk \$2,457,426, increase 29.5; Augusta, Ga., \$2,580,622, increase 71.9; Knoxville \$1,421,511, increase 26.0; Charleston, S. C., \$1,702,436, increase 49.7; Chattanooga \$1,315,595, increase 73.1; Jacksonville, Fla., \$1,297,089, increase 76.7; Macon \$867,443, increase 72.5; Savannah \$7,059,930, increase 67.1.

Total United States \$3,091,638,741, increase 20.5; outside New York \$1,066,851,568, increase 30.6.

Big Lumber Deal.

Nashville, Special.—A Bristol, Tenn., dispatch says: J. W. Wilkinson of Nashville has closed a deal for 17,000,000 feet of lumber and timber in North Carolina. The land lies along the Southern railroad near Asheville. The amount reported to be involved in the deal is half million dollars.

Heresy Trial of Dr. Bradley.

Newman, Ga., Special.—At the meeting of the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, here Bishop W. W. Dumeau appointed a committee to investigate charges of heresy against Rev. H. S. Bradley, D. D. of Atlanta. These charges were preferred by Rev. J. N. Snow, of Atlanta. The committee appointed by Bishop Dumeau is composed of Dr. C. W. Byrd, of Augusta, Ga.; Dr. Luke G. Johnson, of Rome, and Rev. J. A. Sharp, of Dalton.

Gross Boodle Case.

Little Rock, Ark., Special.—The legislative boodle cases were brought to trial here. The case of Senator A. T. Gross is the first one on the calendar. Both the State and defendants have accumulated a monumental mass of evidence for the fight, which is expected to be one of the bitterest legislative battles ever waged in the State.

After the Drug Stores.

Washington, Special.—Drug stores that sell any of the well-known alcoholic tonics which though advertised as medicines for diseases are composed chiefly of distilled spirits, must take out federal license as retail rum sellers after April 1st, 1906. Such was a decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue who also gave notice that manufacturers would be required to take out license after the first of the year.

LEAVES FOR HOME

Prince Louis Ends His Visit to United States

HE ENJOYED HIS TRIP GREATLY

Cheering Crowds Witnessed Departure of British Squadron From New York and Its Commander is Made to Write His Name in Many Albums and Pose For Many Pictures.

New York, Special.—About 200 sailors from the British squadron commanded by Prince Louis of Battenberg were missing from their ships when the squadron made ready to sail Monday. Several of those who had overstayed their leave were turned away when they tried to board their ships. As it was within a few hours of the fleet's sailing time when they made their belated appearance, the officers treated them, as deserters, refusing to let them step aboard.

Many of the rejected sailors wept. Their uniforms in some cases had been taken from them in Bowery resorts and they had spent all their money before returning to their ships. Many of them immediately applied to the immigration authorities for their return to England.

Before sailing Prince Louis paid an official farewell visit to Admiral Evans on board the battleship Maine. As the Prince and his party left this ship the American sailors cheered him. A big crowd, including many who had met the Prince in New York, gathered at the Cunard Line dock, where the flagship Drake was moored, to witness the departure of the Prince.

The Prince wrote his name in a hundred autograph albums and posed for twenty or more pictures. Finally the bugle sounded for the visitors to go ashore and the Drake was towed into the stream while the throng on the wharf and the British sailors on the Drake gave each other a farewell cheer.

Explosion in Vault.

Columbia, S. C., Special.—As the result of an explosion of gas in his office here Monday, Captain Wade Hampton Cobb, probate judge, lies dying at the Columbia hospital. He had started to open the vault in his office and struck a match to see the combination. The gas fixture had been leaking, and the explosion which followed threw Mr. Cobb across the office with great violence. He was very nearly dead when picked up. The office was wrecked and the force of the explosion tore the door off its hinges and smashed all the glass in the court house.

128 Lost in Channel Wreck.

London, By Cable.—One hundred and twenty-eight persons lost their lives in the wreck of the London & Southwestern Railway Company's steamer Hilda off the northern coast of France Saturday night, according to an official estimate given out by the officers of the company. This death toll includes 21 saloon passengers, 80 French onion sellers and 27 of the crew.

\$16,000,000 For Canal Work.

Washington, Special.—An estimate of \$16,000,000 for continuing the work on the Panama Canal has been sent to the Treasury Department from the War Department to be sent to Congress. The estimate of sixteen million dollars is for expenditure up to and including the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907.

Against Greene and Gaynor.

Savannah, Ga., Special.—Two additional indictments charging embezzlement and receiving the money of the United States that was alleged to have been embezzled by ex-Captain Oberlin M. Carter, were returned in the Federal Court against Benjamin D. Greene, John F. Gaynor, Ed. H. Gaynor, William L. Gaynor and Michael A. Connelly.

39 Die in Fire.

Glasgow, By Cable.—The most terrible fire that has occurred in Great Britain for many years broke out here Sunday in a cheap lodging house for men in Watson street and resulted in the loss of 39 lives and the severe injury of many persons.

Missing Man's Body Found.

Nashville, Special.—The body of P. L. Connor, aged 30, a carpenter, who disappeared from his home a fortnight ago, was found on an island in the river. He is supposed to have wandered into the river during an attack of dementia.

Half of City Destroyed and 600 Soldiers Killed.

Toyko, By Cable.—An eye witness of the recent riot at Vladivostok, who has arrived at Nagasaki, reports that nearly half of the city was burned and that 600 of the garrison were killed, that the jail was thrown open and that General Kappek is missing. The damage is estimated at \$25,000,000. Soldiers from Harbin are reported to have joined the rioters.

High Prices For Mules.

Nashville, Special.—According to reports received at the office of the commissioner of agriculture, prices being received by Tennessee stockman for mules this year are better than ever before. A Maury county dealer sold six for \$1,220. A Marshall county dealer recently received \$125 each for a herd of eighty-two. Another party in the same county refused \$160 a head for a large bunch.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

What the Young Farmer May Do.

There are many opportunities for educated agriculturists in the South. There is a chance in almost every town or city for the development of the dairy industry. The cow is one of the most profitable machines on the farm. Milk can be sold for twenty-five to thirty-five cents per gallon; butter from twenty to thirty-five cents per pound. A cow yielding 5000 pounds per annum, would produce 588 gallons of milk, which at thirty cents per gallon would be \$176. A cow can be kept for from \$35 to \$50. If this proposition were made to a man by a "get rich quick" concern he would lose no time in making the investment.

Then there is a chance to produce the seeds of corn and wheat in great quantity through the adoption of the simple principles of selection and plant breeding. Thousands of dollars annually go out of the State for the purchase of seeds of these cereals at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, whereas, corn ordinarily brings 40 cents and wheat 75 cents. Why not produce more grass and clover seed? Why not produce seed of the vetch which does well here as a winter cover crop, and of the soy bean, etc.?

These are but three or four of the many money making industries that are open to the progressive agriculturist of the South to-day. There never was a time when there was a better chance to make money from the intelligent application of business principles to the production of dairy and beef products, to the growing of horses and mules, to the development of the poultry industry, which is still in its infancy, and to the breeding of seed of high quality for use by Southern farmers. Who will be the first to see these good things and to reap the rich harvest which awaits the industrious farmer?

As to the future of the farm there can be no question. Look at the condition which has grown up in Europe because of the ancient systems of land tenure which prevented the average citizen from owning a piece of ground, making every tenant a peasant of some landlord. In America until the present time many men have been interested in manufacturing plants, building railroads, steel furnaces, iron furnaces, etc. A period of leisure will come, a time when the output of factories will offset consumption. Then there will be millions to invest in something; will it not be natural for these men to turn to the country and to invest in lands? Will the time not come when there will be many landed estates in America? Will the farmer who tills the soil who is the most important factor in the welfare of the country give up his land? Surely not, and yet the sign of the times would seem to indicate it, for the wild desire on the part of many seems to be to go to the city and to dispossess themselves of the land. Will it not be better for them to keep close to it and to maintain their independence through living on it, rather than to suffer the pangs and indignities that have come to the peasantry of Europe? The cost of living, as already mentioned, is increasing in America; the demand for all farm products is very great. There never was a time when the intelligent farmer could earn a larger revenue. There never was a time when land could be bought for less in many sections of the South than to-day, and there never was a time when a man had a better chance to make wealth from the soil. Young men, possess yourselves of the land and the inalienable rights of citizenship.

How and When to Seed Alfalfa.

R. A. W. Parnass, writes: When is the best time of the year to sow alfalfa? Will alfalfa grow in stiff red clay?

Answer: Alfalfa should be sown now as soon as it is possible to get the ground in condition. The land should be broken to a depth of about eight inches, provided of course that you have broken it at least six inches before. It would not be well to take a soil that has been worked shallow for a number of years and break it up deeply all at once. Then, it would be well to subsoil the land if it is a heavy red soil; if of a sandy nature subsoiling it is not necessary. Apply sixteen per cent. acid phosphate at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre together with fifty to 100 pounds of muriate of potash. If the land is deficient in vegetable matter, make an application of about seventy-five pounds of nitrate of soda to the alfalfa after it has come up and a similar application next spring. You might also top-dress the alfalfa with a good coating of well rotted farmyard manure. Alfalfa is a delicate plant when first seeded. Fall seeding is an advantage because it gives it a chance to establish itself before the weeds choke it out as they often do from spring sowing. Alfalfa should be frequently clipped if it turns yellow and not allowed to go into the winter with too much top or it might smother out. Sow at least twenty pounds of good, clean seed and it is often advisable to inoculate. This may be accomplished through the use of artificial culture or through the use of soil from an old field. At least 100 pounds of soil should be mixed with the seed to be sown on each acre of land. Alfalfa may be put in the grain drills or sown broadcast and cover with a harrow. You cannot prepare the land too carefully and heavy fertilization is necessary on most of your soils. Alfalfa is a vigorous feeding plant and must be well supplied with the various forms of plant food or it will not give satisfactory results. It may seem rather a serious undertaking to obtain a stand of it, but if you succeed with it you will find it one of the most valuable crops you have ever grown on your farm and you will be well repaid for the labor, effort and money expended in securing it. It makes excellent hay and can be cut two to four times a year under favorable conditions.

Alfalfa as a rule does not do well on very stiff heavy red clay land as it is so tenacious that the roots cannot easily establish themselves in the soil, and its power to establish itself in the soil being based on the vigorous development of its roots, it frequently withers away and dies in the course of two or three years in such land. However, if these lands were well subsoiled and underdrained, it would no doubt frequently grow with success in the future where it has failed in the past.

Perplexity of Isaacs.

Newton had just discovered why the apple fell.

"But," we persisted, "can you tell us what makes a person's face fall in a novel?"

Herewith science had to confess itself beaten by literature.

Bridal Lore.

A January bride will be a prudent housekeeper and very good tempered.

A February bride will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

An April bride will be inconsistent, not very intelligent, but fairly good looking.

A May bride will be handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.

A June bride will be impetuous and generous.

A July bride will be handsome and smart, but a trifle quick-tempered.

An August bride will be amiable and practical.

A September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.

Pointed Paragraphs.

An October bride will be pretty, coquettish, loving and jealous.

A November bride will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition.

A December bride will be well proportioned, fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant.

Don't pour secrets into a man's ears unless you have control of his tongue.

Ignorance loves to wear borrowed plumes and sit in the same pew with wisdom.

When a doctor encounters an ailment that puzzles him he blames it on a microbe.

When a man is long on energy and short on the ability to use it he is to be pitted.

A woman usually knows her husband is a liar, but she wants him to be truthful about it.

Even hunger isn't an infallible cure for laziness.